

Hast thou eaten of pomegranates that thine eyes Hold the look of one who over faintly sighs. For a land of blessed shadow, strangely sweet, Where a king in days long vanished stayed thy

Bears the stain of that rare fruitage from the Is it that which through thy pulses soft has

O'er thy chucks its red wise flooding at a word?

Some day as we stand a dreaming there shall ring Clang from silver bitted horses of the king. We shall turn to give thee question, wonder eyed, But to find that thou hast vanished from our

O'er the belted been' sweet humming there shall Far and near throughout the morning sender

As we wander, heart a hungared, for some trace. In the meadows and the pastures of thy face. Mourning Ceres long went calling, worn and

Till at last the gods gave meaver to her plaint; But for us no element Ids watch doth keep, All the old gray gods of Holiza he asleep.

Back the silver blitted horses no'er shall bring She who are of red pomegranates with the king.

-Overland Meathly.

A WITCH BEWITCHED.

A water lily fell at Mona's bare feet. She know quite well what it meant. She knew whose boat was coming around the bend in the river, but she did not stir nor look up. She was leaning against the old oak tree at the water's edge, and fdly picking to pieces a spray of goldenrod. The sunbeams sifted through the tree and flickered over the dusky head, slipped down past the lowered lashes, kissed the dimples on the bare elbows. The oars in the water ceased their regular plash and the boat glided up to where she stood

The bits of goldenrod floated by on

"An', Mona, did ye have no greetin' for me? Why did ye come?"

Mona drops the last scrap of flowers and looks at him. "Is it that you think I have come here

to you?" she laughs. "Gerald, sure ye don't think that?" "And why not?" he says, in an injured

"I told ye Sunday I was goin' to the Shallows; didn't I ask ye thin to come down?" "Perhaps," she says. "I have forgot.

I came down to pick the cross; 'tis busy

So she flashes one glance at him and picks up her basket, as yet empty. "Cress! Why, Moun," he says, "come, get ye into the boat. This cress is not

half so lush as some a bit further. Come on," he urges. Mona hesitates, and swings the basket up and down. Back across the green

slope of land she looks, across the stile and just beyond the hill, where a faint film of smoke creeps up ourling from the little chimney bartly visible. Gerald follows her gaze. "Come,

Mona," he says. "They wen't miss ye." "Well," she says slowly, "well." reality she is longing to go, but of course it would not do to let him see it. "Ye needn't heip me. I can get in." Lightly he dips his ours, and they

glide down the river. Mous laughs. "They will be after me soon," she says. "Aunt Mollie will be a-callin" me, but she won't know; will she, Ger-

"No, colleen," answers Gerald in delight at the smiling face she turns to him. He rests his oars in the oarlocks and lets the boat drift

"Mona," he says, bending toward her,

"An' won't I catch it, tool" she says with a peal of laughter, as though catching it would be a festive occasion. Here's the place: yes, Gerald?

"Yes," he answers moodily. "Wait, I'll get the stuff; ye needn't move." She catches hold of the bending branch of willow and draws the boat close in shore. One small bare foot swings back and forth in the water as she balances herself on the prow and hums softly to herself. She knows he is angry: she guesses what he had started to say to her a moment ago, but what does she care for that? The lips are demure and serious as she thanks him, but the violet

"Gerald," she says, when the oars commenced to move, "Alleen's here."

eves are laughing.

"Aileen?" "Yes. She has the chance to see us now while Lady Lindores is at home. She is still my lady's maid, ye know, Aileen is, and it's myself would like to be in her place."

"Monal Ye would like to go away from-from Kilgarnock?"

"Yes," she cries, "surely," The boat's keel ran up to the landing place. She jumped out and then turned away with the basket in her hand. One glance she gave him over her shoulder. "An' would ye care, Gerald?"

"Faith, 'tis not the likes of me she would be afther plasin'," he said to himself as he watched the little figure trip up the green sward and over the stile

He forgot about the fishing expedition he had planned. He leaned back in the boat and fell to thinking. All the witches in the world are not yet suppressed; there are still some few left to tangle up the senses of a man and leave him in bewilderment. The witch in Kilgarnock must have taken up ber abode in Mona Carey's small head. To torment the lads of the village, to beguile and capture each unsuspecting heart, were accomplishments in which long practice had made her perfect. There seemed such a sunshiny atmosphere always around her that it made her as dangerous as she was levable and

Unlucky Gerald! All her life he had known her, even back to the time when she had begun to talk in broken baby

Although he was years older than she Mons treated him in the same careiess, langhing way in which she did all the other suitors. And though not one of them could boast of any especial mark of favor, yet each one believed himself to be ahead in the race—each one except Gerald Shearn. Daily he questioned himself, tried to understand her; "but no," he thought bitterly, "it's an omadbaun I am; she laughs at me."

With all the leve of his possionate, Irish nature he leved the maid, worshiped pretty Mona, who would look at him so roguishly from under long lashes and would not listen. And now he

heard her voice calling: "Lightfoot, Lightfoot, come up, come unroome to me, accushia!" and the tinkle

of the cowbell echoed back again. pictured her sitting on the little stool and milking the cow: he knew how she would look-he had often watched her. The sleeves of her frock would be pushed up over her round arm; the dark rings of her hair would lie loosely over her head and float against the dull dun of the cow's side. He imagined he could hear her talking and cooing to old Lightfoot, who seemed to him so unapprecia-

He remembered Aileen. She and Mona were about the same age, but so unlike in appearance that kinship would have never been suspected. While Mona was rather below the average height Aileen was above it; Mona's curly tresses were black as midnight, and Aileen's bronze gold.

It had been a proud moment to them all when my Lady Lindores sent for Aileen to come to the "big house," as the tenantry all termed the great stone mansion, and prouder still when my lady made known her wishes that Aileen should accompany her as maid.

Not a throb of jealousy quickened Mona's pulses at Aileen's good fortune. She rejoiced with her cousin, and was unfeignedly glad. And now my Lord and Lady Lindores were home for a short while after a year of absence, and Aileen was back once more in the home of her childhood. With tears of delight her mother and Mona greeted the traveler, her father surveyed her with complacent pride and approval; to them she was more beautiful than ever.

The month drew to a close. The "big house" would soon be empty again and silent. The days had been busy ones; new cottages had been erected, new barns and buildings; the wide estates had been referred and improved. And now all would be quiet till winter, when it was expected that the mansion would be filled with a merry crowd of guests and the logs would blaze on the hearths, making Christmas cheer.

My lord and Indy, alike beloved by their people, had been planning some amusement for them as an appropriate and welcome wind up of the work. The wide new barn seemed particularly dapted for the purpose, and Lord Lindores announced that here he would give

a dance and bountiful supper. Mona slipped down to the river, in glee at the good news Aileen had just brought to her. She swung herself up to a limb that reached half way over the water, and scrambled recklessly out upon it till the bough swayed.

"Gerald!" she called, looking eagerly down the river. "Hi, Gerald!" He was not in sight, but she thought

he would probably be just around the bend, fishing. In one moment the familiar faded red boat came swinging "Come here, Gerald, jist as quick as

ye can!" she calls quivering with excitement and splashing the water below with impatient heels. "Comin'," he answers. "Shure, Mona,

what is it? Is the cow after dyin? Or the pigs stole? Tell it, colleen. "The cow!" she says, her eyes dancing:

oh, Gerald, it's me feet I can't kape sthill long enough to spake wid me tongue. The dance we're goin' to have in the new barn to-morrow night; ye didn't know that now? I have come jist to tell ye ny it."

'And is that all?" says Gerald, as he rests his oars and looks at her surprised. 'An' I thought, Mona, ye had a thing to tell and afeard the news. A big bite I lost, too, for whin ye called so fast I didn't bide to finish."

"Well, ain't ye glad now, Gerald, for me to fell you? 'Faith an' I knew that same already.

It was no news to me, Mona." Monn's red lip pouted.

"Go back thin, Gerald, to your fishin"; 'tis not for me to bother ye." Gerald surveyed her with an odd ex pression on his face.

"Look, Mona," he said, drawing a little bundle from the pocket of his corduroy tonsers. "See what I am goin' to ask the purtiest gurrl in Kilgarnock to wear to-morrow night." And he carefully unrolled a wide pink silk handkerchief and held it up for Mona's inspection. The little maid clasped her hands in admiration. She had nothing like it and never doubted that it was intended

"Tis beautiful, shure, Gerald." He craned his neck around to one side to behold the kerchief from her point of

"Yes," he said calmly, and then folded it up very carefully in its tissue wrappings and put the bundle back into his pocket.

"Good-by, Mona," he called, bending over his oars again. She did not answer, but stared rather

blankly at the little boat till it disappeared "Indade, thin, I don't care if it's not for me. I wouldn't have it," shaking

ber head and spenking emphatically, "I wouldn't have it at all, at all." She climbed off her perch a little more slowly than she had mounted it, and began to sing a gay little carol. A bird in the tree caught the notes and burst into responsive song. Mona ceased sud-

"Oh, hush, ve bird!" she cried, impatience in her voice, and then as she turned to go deliberately pushed a help-

less little freg into the water. When the next evening came the barn was full of life and laughter. As Mona with her uncle and aunt entered the little yard gate the plank-plinkety-plank of the violins came floating out to them, mingled with the shulling of many feet.

"Oh, make haste" she whispered to herself, and could not keep her feet in the sober pace that suited her aunt's calm step. The lanterns hung down from the doorway and windows, wide flags floated from the roof and streamers and roles of bunting swept across the walls and ceiling inside.

Mona had spent an hour about the adorument of her small person, but she need not have lingered. There were other dresses old besides hers. Arounher neck was a string of yellow beads and a yellow sash of Aileen's around her

They pushed their way to a seat, and Aunt Mollie fauned herself vigorously Mona ganed around with interest. There was Mollie Stewart, and there was Maggie Tully and Annie Kavanagh. All hese girls, as well as the lads, were on hand, but where was Alleen? She had said she was coming. Mona looked in one direction and then another, and at last there sat Aileen close to a window, and near by stood Gerald, gazing at her. Mona turned a little pale. She did not les no see Patsy and Barney and Farron edg-

no mistake sne stood up on tiptoe to see the better. Yes, it was Ailsen, and now Gerald was leading her out to dance. The pink silk kerchief was round her neck. Something seemed to shoot across Mona's eyes with a blinding pain. When Barney begged her to dance she answered a little sharply, and he went away again.

"It is too warm here, aunt, just now," she said to Mrs. Kelly. "Go stand in the cool a while, child," said her aunt. "There's Aileen comin'

over here; bide a bit." But Mona was gone. Not under the trees did she stop, not by the little gate. Swiftly she passed out the side way, over the dusty road and into her own yard. Here she paused a moment, and catching her breath with something that sounded like a sob passed around the tiny thatched but, and so over the stile to the river. Down on her face upon the grass she threw herself, careless of the yellow sash of which she had been so proud; the yellow beads burst their string and some rolled down the bank into the river. She lay very still and quiet, so quiet that a nightingale gave her no heed and began to sing. A whippoorwill called on the opposite bank, and far off in the woods came the answer of his mate. The gleatning moon rolled slowly into view and silvered each branch and blossom.

The birds sang on, but Mona heard them not. She was thinking-one hand on the heart that beat so fast, the other arm pillowing her head. She did not try to analyze her feelings; she would not have known how. There was a dull achiin her breast, and memory was torturing

"Holy mother," she began, whisper ing, and could get ne further. "She will not help me now; I am too bad, too bad at all."

She thought how unkindly she had always treated Gerald; she had laughed then to herself. "Och, wirra, wirra," she ejaculated. And now Ailsen had taken him; it was

Aileen's fault, not Gerald's; how could she do it, how could she? And wear his kerchief-the prettiest girl in Kilgarnock-those were his words, and now she knew what he had meant. Oh, why had not Aileen strid

away! And now Gerald was gone from Slowly she made up her mind that she would be brave; no one, not Aileen nor Gerald, should ever know the truth Gerald should never know she was sorry now, and so he would be happy. She

murmured him a farewell in soft Irish words, "Gerald, anoon ma Gerald," The slow tears trickled down her cheeks and gleamed upon the grass like diamonds. The moonlight lay over the prostrate figure in broken patches. Gently the breeze lifted and let fall again each dark ring of silky bair carling over her head and down to the white neck that shope all the whiter.

The moon reached the middle of her jeweled course. The nightingale sang. all unconscious of the silent grief be neath him. The lashes lay over her flushed cheek like a dark shadow; in very weariness and worn out with her

misery she had fallen asleep. The bird at last hushed his sweet hasty step over the grass. But Mona heard not, raw not. Somebody came down to the river bank almost on a run, figure lying there so motioniess. He shoe round the other side in that way he knelt down beside her. With a quick was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson drawn sobbing breath.

Without a word he gathered her up in his arms, asleep as she was, but Mona stirred and then started from him wide

"I-you-oh, Gerald!"

me. An' why did ye come down here?"

She struggled to release herself, and stood back from him pitifully defient.

"Ye shall not touch me!" she cried. spake your words. Tell her that same mayourneen story; she will believe ye. need"- but the proud curve of the lips | them handy, weakened, and the eyes commenced to brim with tears. She turned away her head and tried to spring past him. Gerher in surprise, and then he caught her burning end will land. -Good News.

by the arm. "Mona, stop a bit," he said, almost "What is this come to ye? sternly. What sv Aileen to me? Are ye dhramin',

"Let me go," she whispered; "let me

"No, I'll not let you go. Spake to me Mona. What is it? Nay, ye cannot go. Tell it to me?" She faced him then, and her eyes

flashed through the tears. "An' ye would talk to me, would yet An' ye would wait for me to market; an' ye would sing to me under the thatch at night; an' ye would tell me ye love me! Och, it is not thrue at all, at all. Ye know I am speakin' but the truth. an' ye will make me say it. Ah, but the heart av ye is black. Aileen is there dancin' to-night; Aileen is there waitin' for ye with your kerchief round her neck-the pink kerchief ye showed me and said 'twas for the purtiest gurrl in

Kilgarnock; go to her. go!" The little figure was quivering with wrath and emotion; then she remembered all at once that she had broken her promise to berself, but having broken it she was not going to yield an inch. "Shure, 'tis not that I care for ve: 'tis the base desate I hate. Let me pass now,

'An' I don't place, Mona," he said. "Is that all? Now ye shall listen to me. Ye would never hear to me afore, Mona; 'tis not my fault. I do love ye, an' ye wrong me when ye say no. Shure, ma- Yachtin, or hyacinth, Sparklur, or lark vourneen, I love the very ground ye spur, Swordle, or wild resc. Other name walk on, and the sound of your voice is a music to meself. The kerchief-aroon. are ye angered with the poor, pretty See. I have it yet for the purti est and smartest gurrl in Kilgarnock An' won't ye wear it now? I knew not even did Aileen wear one, an' twas not mine she had on her neck. Aye, bide your head: 'tis here on my heart is the right place for it. No tears, Mona; Mona, mayourneen: 'tis all right now. An' won't ye wear the poor kerchief, col-

see Patsy and Barney and Farron edging up to her; she never even thought of the ends close up under her chin. Pressure and of them. In her eagerness to make any of them. In her eagerness to make entity she looked at him. shylr, from untitional Distance.

"Ah, Gerald, 'tis too beautiful for ne!"-George Wilson Prescott in Times

A Pig with a Human Head. Charles A. Clark, an undertaker and embalmer, has in his establishment the remains of a young pig, which is one of the greatest freaks of nature ever seen in Jacksonville, Fla. It is the property of E. A. Lindsey, of Springfield, and is one of a litter of eleven pigs. Ten of these pigs are perfectly formed and are thriving, but the one in question was

born dead. It is about twice the size of the other igs of the same litter, and is perfectly sairless, except for a small patch of whiskers on the chin. The head of this freak is human shaped. The ears are set on the side of the head like those of a human being, but are larger and shaped like an elephant's ear. The chin, mouth and cheeks are human shaped, while the teeth . Hike a shark's. It has no nose, but instead a perfectly shaped trunk extends from the base of the forehead just where the root of the nasal organ should be.

Immediately under the root of the trunk is situated one large egg shaped eye, with two large, round pupils (one at each end of the eye), which peeps out from under and on either side of the trunk. Each pupil or eye is shaded by white eyebrows, which very much re-semble the velvety brows of an infant. The trunk is nearly four inches in length and is perfectly pliable. The hoofs of the feet are goat shaped and turn up at the points like those of a mountain goat. Taken as a whole it is the most hideous looking object ever seen in Jacksonville.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Act of Breathing.

In each respiration an adult inhales me pint of air. A healthy man respires 16 to 20 times a minute, or 20,000 times a day; a child 25 or 85 times a minute. While standing the adult respiration is 22 times per minute; while lying down, 13. The superficial surface of the lungs, i. e., of their alveolar space, is 200 square vards. The amount of air respired every 24 hours is about 10,000 quarts. The amount of oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is 500 litres (about 744 grams). amount of carbonic acid expired in the

same time is 400 litres (911.5 grams). Two-thirds of the oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is absorbed during the night ours, from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m.; threefifths of the total is thrown off during the day. The pulmonary surface gives off 150 grams of water daily in the state of vapor. An adult must have at least 360 litres of air in an hour. The heart sends 800 quarts of blood through the lungs every hour, or about 5,000 daily. The duration of inspiration is fivetwelfths of expiration, seven-twelfths of the whole respiratory act. During sleep inspiration occupies ten-twelfths of the respiratory period. -St. Louis Republic.

Oddities of Great Men.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman of whom we knew something felt secure treble and flow away. He had heard a against the cramp when he placed his shoes on going to bed so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of and stopped short at sight of the little the left. If he did not bring the right eye Gerald noted the tear stained cheek, used always, in going up Bolt court, to the parted lips, whence came a long put one feet upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed he felt certain the day would be unlucky.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of tire woman's jubilee effering to Oxford, studied in full canonicals. A glish Association of Trained Nurses, the celebrated preacher of the last century chief object of which is the improvement "They are all abunt for ye," he and could never make a sermon with his swered. "Ye have scared the heart 'av garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reiseg, the "Don't," she whispered, trying to re- German critic, wrote his commentaries Wales, on becoming president of the Na member her resolution. "I will go back on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his tional pension fund, received 1,000 nurses now." Sie stood up and then swayed a side. Schybel lectured at the age of 73 at the Marlborough house, presenting to little, dizzily. "Mona, inavourneen!" said Gerald, constantly at hand; without it he could and receiving from them collectively the not get on .- New York Ledger.

The Modern Match.

Husband (getting ready to light the "Go back to Aileen; go back to her and gas-My dear, I wish you would remove all newspapers and other combustible material to the next room. Then Let me pass; I can go home: I'll not send for several pails of water and have

Wife-Why, what for? Husband-I am going to strike a match. Of course it will break, and ald stood motionless at first, looking at there is never any telling where the

Crackle Glass.

Some of the most beautiful speciments of the popular novelty known as crackle glass are produced by covering one side of a glass with a thick stratum of flux or adily fusible glass, mixed with coarse agmenta of glass; in this condition it is placed in a mulle or an open furnace where it is strongly heated, and as soon a the flux is melted and the glass itself has become red but it is removed from the furnace and rapidly cooled. Under this and splits, leaving innumerable fine lines of fracture over its surface, having much the appearance of scales of irregular crystals, which cross and intersect each other in every direction. The rapid cooling of the fusible coating is effected either by ex-posing the heated mass to the action of a current of cold air or by cautious sprink-ling with cold water. By protecting certain portions of the glass surface from the action of the flux those portions retain form, of course, a striking contrast to the rackled portions of the surface. - Ex

Flower Assurrams. each ludy is given a sard on which are written the names of ten flowers, but with the letters entirely out of their proper

guess the greatest sureber of names in a certain time. The price is a blooming plant—the "booby price" a paper rose. The following are good names for the

can easily be adversed and a long list soon arranged .- Youth's Companion

Beautiful Jewish Women.

The Jewish women of the Jerusalem of day are as protty as they were when the beautiful Ruth slept at the feet or Boan, and some of the young girls that I saw would have made fit models for one of Andrea del Surto's Missochas. Ther do not preserve their besuties as they grow older, and it is not an uncommon thing for a Jerusalem Jew to diverce his wife and Palestine the chief ralibl, who was a ore | note the less of me for shis arouble.

THE AULD MEAL MILL

Oh, gin ye come tae oor farm toun, An' dander 'neath the hill, Ye'll see among the bracken broun The suld meal mill. There rins the windin' wimplin' burn-A bonnie, brattlin' rill, And loupin' 'fore it takes a turn Roun' oer auld mill.

Oh, sit ye down among the trees,

List tae the breeze, the trill O' birds, and quiv'rin', fadin' leaves By oor meal mill Or speed awa' tae "Fairy Knowe," And speed wi' fierle will

Whaur mosses grow ayont the knowe 'Bune oor meal mill. Ye couldna ask a fairer sicht, Or view a hoose sao couth an' bright As oor mpai mill.

The wheel gangs round an' round ilk' day Grindin' the grist wi' will; An' poortith's door ne'er opens frae The auld meal mill -New York Truth

Wonderful Changes. In one of the New England states there is a quiet little country town whither the railroad has not penetrated in which no new house has been built for nearly a quarter of a century, while the place has fewer inhabitants than it had fifty years

The oldest inhabitant is a man 90 years of age, whose whole life has been passed in this, the town of his birth. He still lives in the house where he was born. A stranger from a distant city was talk-

ing with this aged citizen one day, when the old gentleman said: "Yes, sir; I've lived right here in this village ninety years. I've seen wonderful

changes in that time, air-wonderful changes. I tell ye, the place is going right "In what way!" asked the stranger, looking up and down the deserted street for some indication of this wonderful progress. "In what way?" repeated the old gentle-nan. "Why in different ways. I can reman. member the time when we didn't have but one store here, and now we've got two and a meat shop, and there's talk of a millinery woman coming in here. Yes, sir! And we've got ten street lamps and a four hundred dollar organ in the church and a good half mile of sidewalks, all within my rec-

all the time. This is the age of progress,

ain't it?"-Youth's Companion.

ollection. Wonderful changes going on

The bottle fad consists in writing a message of some sort and corking it up in a bottle and sending the same affoat, to be picked up somewhere else. I've found 'em by the dozen on the beach, and had 'em bob into me on the breakers. The messages are generally dated in midocean and are about a leaking ship or a ship on fire, and the writer has only a few minutes to bottle up in. Once in a while the message is from a catboat driven out to sea or from some sailor floating on a wreck, and they are always interesting.

There is no law against this bottle fad, and it acts as an escape valve. Those who practice it would be pointing unloaded guns or indulging in some other tomfool notion if they were debarred, and so no objections are raised.

The other day a bottle which was intended to go to sea, but which landed only half a mile away, contained a message written on the letter head of a hotel. It said, "Help wanted for 300 people stopping here and suffering from poor food, high charges and plenty of fleas." The finder carried it to the hotel, and the landlord began a quiet investigation, and at the end of twenty-four hours a smart Aleck of a oung man, who had been the pet of the iouse, took a walk, and is perhaps walk ing yet -Interview in Detroit Free Press.

English Tributes to Trained Nurses. The women who watch by the bedsides of the sick and minister to the wants of the helpless are receiving well carned recognition in England. Queen Victoria has declared her intention of devoting the en-Princess Christian has shown her interes by founding a home and holiday fund for overworked nurses, and the Princess of purses which they had filled toward estab lishing a benevolent fund for their ranks in cases of siegness or financial straits.

HIS WORD WAS HIS BOND.

A Missouri Sheriff's Great Confidence in a Prisoner.

The people of St. Louis were treated to a queer sight the other day—that of a contel murderer waiting for a sheriff to take him to the penitentiary.

The man slayer is George W. Brown, of

Texas county. Mo. Some time ago he and that Charles Pearce had about daughter's affections, and compelled him to marry her. The young husband mal-treated his wife for a while and then abandoned his home. One day Pearce and Brown "met up" on the road. The former evoled his gun and pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire.



miles to the county seat and surrendered

himself. The trial resulted in his being sentenced to two years' imprisonment. At St. Louis, on route for the penitentiary at Jefferson City, the sheriff and his prisoner stopped off for a day. The former left wn at a hotel and went to visit friends. When the old man was asked about the unusual liberty allowed him his keen black eyes fleaked and he replied: "Didn't I give him my word) Marion Freeman Brown's word is as good as his bond. No, sir, he knows he'll find me byar, and be ain't worritin' a bit. I've always tried to be squar' an honest, as is my duty, an that's the reason the sheriff's gone off an lef me today. He knows all I want is to obey the law an' have it ever I never The Weekly Eagle. but it seems like I couldn't help it, an' I'm willing to do my duty. I'm nearly 57 years old of the Lord spares me a little langer take another one. Shortly before I a rived an' my friends that know me won't think

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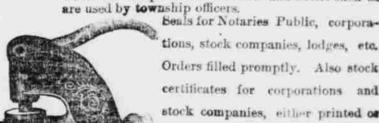
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